

Production No. 2F16

The Simpsons

"WHO SHOT MR. BURNS? (PART ONE)"

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20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90035

FINAL 1

Date 9/9/94

"WHO SHOT MR. BURNS? (PART ONE)"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MAGGIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
NELSON.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
RALPH.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
EXECUTIVE #1.....DAN CASTELLANETA
EXECUTIVE #2.....HARRY SHEARER
EXECUTIVE #3.....HANK AZARIA
PRENDERGAST.....HANK AZARIA
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CHALMERS.....HANK AZARIA
ENGINEER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
GUILLERMO.....HANK AZARIA

LUNCHLADY DORIS.....DORIS GRAU
 TERRI.....PAMELA HAYDEN
 SHERRI.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 TITO PUENTE.....HANK AZARIA
 VOICE (SMITHERS).....HARRY SHEARER
 HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 AUDIENCE.....ALL
 ROUGHNECK.....HANK AZARIA
 VETERINARIAN.....HANK AZARIA
 SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER...DAN CASTELLANETA
 NELSON'S PARROT.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 ALL TEACHERS.....MAGGIE ROSWELL/DAN
 CASTELLANETA/HARRY SHEARER/PAMELA HAYDEN/DORIS GRAU
 MR. LARGO.....HARRY SHEARER
 SNOWBALL II.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
 BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 BARFLY #1.....HARRY SHEARER
 MOE.....HANK AZARIA
 MALE INSPECTOR.....HANK AZARIA
 FEMALE INSPECTOR.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
 GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 GRAMPA, JASPER, OLD JEWISH MAN, ETC.
DAN CASTELLANETA/HARRY
 SHEARER/HANK AZARIA
 IMAGINARY BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
 IMAGINARY BURNS #2.....HARRY SHEARER

IMAGINARY BURNS #3.....HARRY SHEARER
TEN IMAGINARY BURNSES...HARRY SHEARER
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
OLD JEWISH MAN.....HANK AZARIA
OLD SEA CAPTAIN.....HANK AZARIA
SIDESHOW MEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
APU.....HANK AZARIA
JAILBIRD.....HANK AZARIA
JIMMY CARTER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
JIMBO.....PAMELA HAYDEN
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA

WHO SHOT MR. BURNS? (PART ONE)

by

Bill Oakley & Josh Weinstein

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - 7:00 A.M.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

PRINCIPAL SKINNER strolls reflectively down the empty hall.

SKINNER

Ah, is there nothing so poetic as the
school hallway at early morn? (BEAT)
Linoleum, how you'll squeak / With the
sound of pupils' eager feet. / Bulletin
board, of trusty cork / Full of
thumbtacks and A-plus work.

He stops and makes a sour face as he **SNIFFS** something odd.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Hmm. School normally doesn't smell
so... rank.

He turns to make sure no one is watching, then **SNIFFS** his
underarms.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Ahh. Washbasin fresh. (LOOKS AROUND)
That funk must be coming from one of
the classrooms.

Skinner takes out his huge key-ring and opens a classroom
door.

INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Skinner winces, covers his nose with a handkerchief, and peers into the gerbil cage. (NOTE: We don't see what's inside.)

SKINNER

(SIGH) Poor fellow. Crushed by his own
water bottle...

INT. SCHOOL - CUSTODIAN'S CLOSET - A LITTLE LATER

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE sits on an overturned bucket, reading "Weekly Reader," and **CHUCKLING**. Skinner **KNOCKS** and enters, carrying a used box (labelled "Faculty Brand Coffee Substitute, 12 packets.")

SKINNER

Willie, sometime over the holiday
weekend, the beloved Grade Four gerbil,
er, Superdude, lost his life. I need
you to air out the classroom and give
Superdude a proper burial.

He hands Willie the box, and we hear a small body roll
around inside.

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE

(DISGUSTED GROAN)

INT. SCHOOL - BASEMENT - LATER

Willie digs a small grave in the dirt floor. The box sits
nearby.

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE

(TO BOX) Yer lucky yer getting a decent
burial! Me own father got thrown in
the bog!

When he lifts his shovel, he sees the tip is dripping with
thick black liquid.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

What in the name of St. Ephesiocritus?!

(EE-FEEZ-EE-OCK-RIT-US)

Willie curiously **TAPS** the bottom of the hole with his shovel. The ground begins to **RUMBLE** ominously, and a network of cracks shoots through the dirt floor. Suddenly, a huge gusher of oil shoots out of the hole, spraying against the ceiling with tremendous force. Oil rains down everywhere.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

(YELLS)

INT. SCHOOL - BART'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

All the windows are open, and a large electric fan is blowing. MRS. KRABAPPEL holds her nose and sprays disinfectant around the empty gerbil cage.

BART

Yuck. What reeks?

NELSON

Smells like one of Van Houten's!

MILHOUSE

It does not!

The floor begins to **TREMBLE**. The kids exchange nervous glances, and a second later, the gusher rockets through the floor next to Bart's desk and strains against the ceiling.

INT. SCHOOL - LISA'S CLASSROOM - (UPSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

The floor under Ralph's desk begins **PULSATING**. He looks down, worried, then raises his hand.

RALPH

Miss Hoover? The floor is shaking.

MISS HOOVER

(SKEPTICAL) Ralph. Remember the time
you thought the --

The gusher breaks through right under Ralph, and he's thrown out of frame by an immense torrent of oil.

RALPH

(DOPPLER YELL) Mommmmy!!!

EXT. SCHOOL - LONG SHOT - CONTINUOUS

The gusher **BURSTS** through the school roof and shoots sixty feet into the air. Waves of oil pour down over the sides of the building.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - POWER PLANT - MORNING

INT. POWER PLANT - BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MR. BURNS stands at the end of a long table of EXECUTIVES.

BURNS

Now, before we adjourn, gentlemen, I have one last matter of utmost importance. I need to send this parcel with the profit projections to Pete Porter in Pasadena - (OMINOUS) And it absolutely, positively has to be there overnight!

He seals a distinctive red, white, and blue envelope and hands it to the nearest executive. Zany Federal Express commercial music begins **PLAYING** as each executive nervously passes the envelope to the next one.

EXECUTIVE #1

(FAST) Pete Porter. Pass it on.

EXECUTIVE #2

(FAST) Pasadena. Promptly.

EXECUTIVE #3

(FAST) Package for parcel processing.

Pronto.

He passes it to SMITHERS, who dashes out.

INT. POWER PLANT - PARCEL PROCESSING - PRESENTLY

Smithers hands the envelope to a fat man with a big handlebar moustache, who sits in an office full of papers.

SMITHERS

(FAST) Perk up, Prendergast. Profoundly pressing package of power plant profit projections for Pete Porter in Pasadena.

PRENDERGAST

(FAST) Priority?

SMITHERS

(FAST) Precisely.

MONTAGE of Burns' envelope being shuttled through various weird offices, **SHOOTING** through a pneumatic tube, and being passed along hand-to-hand as the **MUSIC** continues. Finally, a hand places the package in front of Homer. He picks it up, reads the shipping label, and runs out.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Homer **BURSTS** through the door, **PANTING**.

HOMER

(EAGER) Here's your package, Mr. Burns!

He proudly places it on Burns' desk. The **MUSIC** stops.

BURNS

(LIVID SPUTTERING) My name is the return address, you senseless dunderpate! Smithers, who is this nincompoop?

ANGLE ON HOMER

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(SLIGHTLY HURT) I've worked here for
ten years, and my boss doesn't even
know my name? (THEN RESOLUTE) Well,
that's gonna change right now. (LOUD)

My name is Homer J. Simp--

Burns pushes a button on his desk. A moderately-sized
weight falls from the ceiling, lightly **THOCKS** Homer's head,
and **DROPS** to the floor. The weight is marked "1000 grams."

HOMER (CONT'D)

(BARELY FAZED) --son!

BURNS

(RE: WEIGHT) Sounded large when I
ordered it. (SIGH) I can't make hide
nor hair of these metric booby-traps.

EXT. THE SCHOOL ROOF - LATER THAT DAY SCENE 2

A distraught-looking Skinner peers down through the gaping
three-story hole, all the way to the basement.

SKINNER

My Lord. Such destruction.

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS climbs out of a trapdoor onto the
school roof, fuming.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Superintendent Chalmers! (NERVOUS) How
are you going?

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

Why is it when I heard the word
"school" and the word "exploded," I
immediately thought of the word
"Skinner"?

SKINNER

I-I-I-I know my school has had more
than its fair share of catastrophes...

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

(COUNTING THEM OFF) Earwig
infestations...Dogs in the vents...
Students who emit poisonous fumes...

SKINNER

None of those were my fault, except for
the earwigs.

An ENGINEER emerges from the trapdoor with a beaker of oil.

ENGINEER

Congratulations, gentlemen. Your
custodian struck oil. You're standing
on top of the richest elementary school
in the state.

Skinner and Chalmers look amazed and overjoyed.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

We also found this.

He produces an oil-covered, gerbil-shaped blob and hands it
to Skinner.

SKINNER

(SOTTO) Thank you, Superdude.

Skinner **FLINGS** Superdude over the side of the building.

INT. POWER PLANT - PENTHOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

A plaque reads "EXECUTIVE SPA -- 'Physical Fitness for Better Tyranny.'" Smithers and Burns, in matching sweatsuits, ride an exercycle built for two. Smithers does all the pedaling while Burns reads a newspaper.

CLOSE-UP - NEWSPAPER

The headline reads "AWFUL SCHOOL IS AWFUL RICH."

BURNS

(GRUNT) Bah! A non-profit organization
with oil? (MIFFED) An oil well doesn't
belong in the hands of Betsy
Bleedingheart and Maynard G. Muskie-
vote!

SMITHERS

(OUT OF BREATH) Uh, Sir, have you had
enough exercise for this morning?

BURNS

No. Let's go another twenty miles.

SMITHERS

Ugh!

Smithers **GROANS** and resumes. As he continues pedaling,
Burns gets off the bike and wanders into another room.
After a beat, we hear the **SOUND OF A PINBALL MACHINE**.

INT. POWER PLANT - ELEVATOR - A LITTLE LATER

A few **WORKERS** are already in the elevator as Burns and
Smithers enter in their sweatsuits. Burns greets **LENNY**,
CARL and a **THIRD EMPLOYEE**, who is completely concealed
inside a radiation suit.

BURNS

Hello, Lenny, Carl, Guillermo...

He turns to the final employee, Homer, who is wearing a hardhat with "H. SIMPSON" stencilled on it and a name tag that says "HELLO! MY NAME IS HOMER SIMPSON." Homer smiles eagerly.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Hello... (CAN'T REMEMBER) Eh...

do...er... uh... Oooh...umm...

The elevator stops, and Burns and Smithers make a hasty exit. Homer looks upset.

LENNY

Don't take it so hard, Homer. He's always screwin' up people's names.

GUILLERMO

Yeah. At the picnic, he thought my son Reynaldo was my son Rolando. Can you believe that?

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Chalmers walks around smoking a cigar.

SKINNER

Superintendent, we made the front page today!

Skinner holds up the paper, sliding his hand over the headline so that it reads "SCHOOL IS AWFUL RICH!"

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

Uh, what's that say under your hand there?

SKINNER

Hm, it's an unrelated article.

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

It's an unrelated article. Within the banner headline?

SKINNER

Yes. Now, to re-direct our conversation slightly, I had a few ideas on how to spend this oil money.

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

Seymour, this school is going to be so rich, you'll be able to give each student a full college scholarship!

SKINNER / CHALMERS

(UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER)

SKINNER

Oh mercy. Seriously though, before we draw up the budget, I believe the students and faculty have a few suggestions...

MONTAGE of PEOPLE presenting their ideas. (At the end of each presentation, Skinner stamps the proposal "APPROVED.")

1) Groundskeeper Willie wheels in a model of the school grounds, which features a G.I. Joe/Willie holding a leaf blower.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

I want the new leaf blower from the
Sharper Image Custodial Catalog. It's
got a Rolls-Royce jet engine, and it'll
blow leaves 15,000 miles away. Let
some groundskeeper in Armenia rake 'em
up!

Willie **SWITCHES** on the little leaf blower. First, it **BLOWS**
the little leaves away. Then it **BLOWS** the entire model out
the window.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE (CONT'D)

I'd also like to be reimbursed for the
model.

2) LUNCHLADY DORIS enters.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

The cafeteria staff is complaining
about the mice in the kitchen. (BEAT)
I want to hire a new staff.

3) LISA enters.

LISA

I'd like to start a jazz program for
the music department. We've got a
really great instructor lined up...

She opens the door, revealing a distinguished GENTLEMAN.

SKINNER / CHALMERS

(EXCITED) Tito Puente!

Tito Puente **PLAYS** a short riff on his conga drum.

LISA

He's ready to give up the drudgery of the professional mambo circuit and settle into a nice teaching job.

TITO PUENTE

It will be my pleasure. Lisa has told me all your students are as bright and dedicated to jazz as she is.

LISA

(NERVOUS CHUCKLE, EYES DARTING) Let's go now, Mr. Puente.

TITO PUENTE

Eh-eh... Never touch Tito.

Lisa leads Tito Puente away.

**INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATE SCENE 3
THAT AFTERNOON**

Skinner is packing his briefcase to leave. A voice comes over his intercom.

VOICE (SMITHERS) (O.S.)

Principal Skinner, this is your secretary. There is one last student here to see you.

SKINNER

That's odd. I don't have a secretary, or an intercom. But send him in.

Mr. Burns enters, wearing Jimbo Jones' hat and skull T-shirt.

BURNS

Ahoy there, Dean! I understand you're taking suggestions from students, eh? Well, me and my Fourth Form chums think it would be quite "corking" if you'd sign over your oil well to the local energy concern!

SKINNER

(CLEARS THROAT) Mr. Burns...

BURNS

(CAUGHT) Bheh!

SKINNER

It was naive of you to think I would mistake this town's most prominent 104 year-old man for one of my elementary school students.

BURNS

I want that oil well! I've got a monopoly to maintain! I own the Electric Company and the Waterworks, plus the hotel on Baltic Avenue.

SKINNER

That hotel's a dump, and your monopoly is pathetic. The school's oil well is not for sale. (BUILDING) Particularly to a black-hearted scoundrel like yourself!

BURNS

I see. Then I'll just have to... AT-

TTACK YOU!

Burns lunges at Skinner, and they begin fighting. Burns flails feebly about, and Skinner fends him off with little difficulty.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(FIGHTING NOISES) Egh! Oogh! (PANTS)

Smithers! Smithers, get in here with that blunt instrument!

SMITHERS

(ENTERING) Sorry, sir, this is all I could find!

Smithers brandishes an open stapler and lamely fires staples at Skinner. Most of them fall to the ground before reaching him.

SMITHERS

Take that! And that!

BURNS

Ugh.

SMITHERS

Ah.

EXT. SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - SECONDS LATER

The doors fly open, and Skinner hurls Smithers and Burns down the steps. They lie sprawled on the ground, beaten.

BURNS

I'll have that oil if it's the last thing I do.

SMITHERS

Before you die, or before you lose
consciousness, Sir?

BURNS

(WITH GREAT EFFORT) ...Eh, die.

Burns passes out.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT SCENE 4

The family is eating dinner.

MARGE

I'm happy for the school. It sounds like this money is gonna provide a lot of new opportunities.

BART

Big deal. They didn't approve my idea. They said it was "unfeasible."

LISA

It is unfeasible to resurrect the dead, Bart. And even if the Three Stooges were alive, I doubt they'd want to hang around with you.

BART

(CONSIDERS THIS) Well, um, yeah. I guess they'd probably want to be with their families or something, huh?

LISA

I can't wait to have jazz class with Tito Puente.

MARGE

Your father and I own all his albums, even "A Mambo Memorial for President Kennedy."

Homer picks listlessly at his uneaten pork chops.

HOMER

(GLUM) Mambo. Blugh.

LISA

What's the matter, Dad? You look
different.

She gestures to the "family portrait" (the one with Homer strangling Bart, etc.) with the Simpsons drawn in their 1989 style.

HOMER

(BAD ANNOYED GRUNT) I hate my job. I
mean, what's the point when your boss
doesn't even remember your name?

MARGE

I have an idea. When my father was
first trying to catch my mother's eye,
he sent her a box of candy with his
photo in it. After that, she never
forgot him.

HOMER

That's a great idea!

Homer **KISSES** Marge and runs out.

BART

(SKEPTICAL) That is a joke, right? And
what, then she thought your dad's name
was Whitman Sampler?

MARGE

No, she did not, Mr. Smartypants.

(BEAT, THEN SHEEPISH) She thought his
name was Russell Stover.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Smithers and Burns stand on the balcony outside his office.
Burns looks through binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV

WORKMEN put the finishing touches on a new oil derrick
which towers above the school. (It rises through the big
hole in the roof.)

BURNS (V.O.)

That's it. Frimble about with your
widgets and doobobs. It'll all be a
monument to futility when my plan comes
to fruition.

The binoculars swivel to look downtown, where a busy
construction site has sprung up in a vacant lot next to
Moe's. The site is obscured by a tall barrier, on which is
stencilled "BURNS CONSTRUCTION CO. -- BUILDING A BETTER
TOMORROW -- FOR HIM."

SMITHERS (V.O.)

Sir... (CLEARS THROAT) What I'm about
to say violates every sycophantic urge
in my body, but: I wish you would
reconsider. This isn't a rival company
you're battling with. It's a school.
People won't stand for it.

BURNS

Pish-posh. It will be like taking
candy from a baby.

Through the binoculars, Burns sees a BABY sitting in a nearby yard eating a large candy cane.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Eh, say, that sounds like a larf.

Let's try it right now.

Burns heads for the door. Smithers reluctantly follows, then spies a gift-wrapped box of candy on Burns' desk.

SMITHERS

Ah, ub, there's some candy right here, Sir. Why don't we eat this instead of stealing?

BURNS

Oh, very well.

Smithers opens the box, and the two begin hungrily snapping up the chocolates inside. As they eat, they start to uncover the Simpson family photo underneath the candy.

BURNS/SMITHERS

(EATING NOISES)

SMITHERS

Oh, look, there's a photo in here.

BURNS

(CHEWING) Hmm, yes. I believe that's little Maggie Simpson -- the baby who found my precious teddy-bear Bobo. Oh and there's that, ah Simpson mutt, my former guard dog.

They eat some more candy and uncover Bart's face.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(STILL CHEWING) Ooh that's uh, uh, Bart Simpson. He was my heir for a brief period, you know.

SMITHERS

Yes, Sir, I remember.

DISSOLVE TO:

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Burns and Smithers lounge around with bloated stomachs, dabbing chocolate off their faces.

BURNS

Anything left?

SMITHERS

Only the sour quince log, Sir.

He holds out the box to Burns, and we see that the family is completely uncovered, except for a grotesque candy lump which obscures Homer's entire face.

BURNS

(REPULSED SOUND) Dispose of it.

(THOUGHTFUL) And uh, send a thank-you note to Marge, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie Simpson.

Smithers dumps the box in the trash. The candy slowly slides away, smearing Homer's face with chocolate.

EXT. SCHOOL - A FEW DAYS LATER

SCENE 5

STUDENTS, TEACHERS, and REPORTERS are gathered around the front steps for the oil well's opening ceremonies. The derrick is festooned with colorful bunting and a banner saying "3R's OIL CORP.: READIN', REFININ' & REFORMATIVE POLYMERIZATIN'."

SKINNER

Today, Springfield Elementary embarks on a new era: an era of unbridled spending where petro-dollars will fuel our wildest educational fantasies. These young minds will enjoy every academic advantage... (BEAT, CHUCKLING) ...until they enter Springfield High School, which has no oil well.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

(SQUEAKY TEENAGE VOICE) We got an air hockey table!

SKINNER

Fine. Now, our top student will flip the switch to begin pumping our first barrel of oil.

A teacher whispers to Skinner.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

It seems Walter Choy is out sick today, so that honor falls to Lisa Simpson.

Lisa looks excited, runs on stage, and **FLIPS** the switch.

LISA

Thank you. As these fossil fuels fund our education, let us educate others about renewable energy sources, such as geothermal and solar power.

AUDIENCE

(VERY MILD, SCATTERED CLAPPING)

The crowd looks to the top of the derrick in anticipation. After a beat, it **SPUTTERS** pathetically, sending forth a small **SPLORT** of oil. An engineer runs out of the building.

ENGINEER

There's no pressure! Someone else has
tapped this well!

TITO PUENTE

Ay! Carumba!

WHIP PAN across town to:

EXT. BURNS CONSTRUCTION SITE - THAT MINUTE

The fence has been removed to reveal what Burns has built: a ridiculously slanted derrick that slant-drills into the school's oil deposit. A **ROUGHNECK** charges past an ecstatic Burns and a sour-looking Smithers.

ROUGHNECK

Oil ho!!

BURNS

Ah. Soon that mighty apparatus will
burst forth with its precious fluid.
Almost sexual, isn't it, Smithers?

SMITHERS

(GRUMPY) Eh.

Burns shoots Smithers a "What's-wrong-with-you?" glance. Just then, the Earth **RUMBLES** and a powerful gusher rockets out of the derrick.

HIGH ABOVE TOWN

The slanty derrick arcs a thick stream of oil above several city blocks at a thirty-degree angle.

INT. BART'S TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bart and SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER take alternating licks from an ice cream cone. A drop of oil flies onto the ice cream.

BART

Huh? Wahw!

Bart turns to look outside and is instantly blown across the treehouse by the mighty torrent of oil.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The oil stream **BLOWS** the treehouse apart, exactly like the house in the famous "Doomtown" nuclear test film. Bart and the dog plummet to the ground.

EXT. YARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Bart staggers around the yard in a daze while the dog lies unconscious under some boards.

BART

(INCOHERENT MUTTERING)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge doesn't notice as Maggie points out the window at Bart.

MAGGIE

(ALARMED PACIFIER SUCKS)

MARGE

(SEES OUT WINDOW) Holy Christmas.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - VETERINARY HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The family sits anxiously in the waiting room. Bart looks okay, aside from a few bandages. The VETERINARIAN emerges from a door marked "CANINE TRAUMA WARD."

VETERINARIAN

Your dog's condition has been upgraded from "stable" to "frisky," and he's free to go. His legs should be good as new in a few months. But in the meantime, he'll have to use the Wheelabout.

We hear wheels **SQUEAKING**, and Santa's Little Helper comes out, his bandaged hind legs and rear end attached to a little cart. He wheels himself over to Bart, who pets him sadly.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

(CHEERFUL PANTING, BARK)

BART

I'll get even with whoever did this to you, boy. I swear it.

VETERINARIAN

Oops, almost forgot. Wouldn't want you gnawing on those casts, eh boy?

The Vet snaps an inverted plastic cone around the dog's head, the kind that looks like a lampshade and keeps dogs from chewing on themselves. NELSON walks past, carrying a parrot with a bandage on its head. They both look at the dog.

NELSON'S PARROT

(SQUAWK) Haw haw! (WHISTLE) Haw haw!

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The faculty is gathered around Skinner's desk.

SKINNER

I'm afraid we've got no legal recourse against Mr. Burns and his slant-drilling operation. The oil belongs to whoever pumped it first.

GROUNDSCOOPER WILLIE

What about all the expensive stuff we wanted? Can we still have it?

SKINNER

No.

ALL TEACHERS

(ROARS OF OUTRAGE AND DISBELIEF)

SKINNER

In fact, to pay for the construction, and operation, and demolition of our new derrick, the school will have to eliminate all non-essential programs: music...

MR. LARGO & TITO PUENTE

What?! / Que?!

Tito Puente **RAMS** his fist through his conga drum.

SKINNER

And maintenance.

GROUNDSCOOPER WILLIE

I'll kill that Mr. Burns!! (BEAT, LESS ENRAGED) And wound that Mr. Smithers.

Willie **STORMS** out.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer looks through the mail. Lisa is on the phone, upset.

LISA

Oh, no. that's awful, Mr. Puente.

(BEAT) What? Oh. He owns the nuclear power plant. (BEAT) Yeah, I'd like to settle his hash, too.

Lisa hangs up. Bart enters with the dog **SQUEAKING** behind on its cart. The dog goes out of his way to run over the cat's tail.

SNOWBALL II

(HYSTERICAL SCREECH)

LISA

Dad, how can you work for a man like Mr. Burns?

HOMER

Well, he's not all bad. He did send me this nice thank-you card.

He holds up the card, which has a dumb cartoon of one chipmunk handing another chipmunk a four-leaf clover. "Thank you," it says in cursive. Lisa opens the card.

LISA

"Marge, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie." Dad, this doesn't have your name on it.

Homer grabs the card, looks at it, and turns very, very red.

HOMER

(CREEPILY CALM) Kids, would you step outside for a second?

Bart and Lisa leave. Homer takes a deep breath and opens his mouth to yell louder than he's ever yelled before. Just as the sound is about to come out, we SMASH CUT TO a church steeple. We hear one second of **VERY LOUD, STIRRING PIPE ORGAN MUSIC**.

THEN RETURN TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS SCENE 6

Birds **SCATTER** off a nearby tree. Up and down the street, shocked neighbors stare at the Simpson house. **FLANDERS** leans out his upstairs window in amazement.

FLANDERS

Dear Lord. That's the loudest
profanity I've ever heard.

Inside the Simpson house, the phone **RINGS** and is answered.

HOMER (O.S.)

Yes, Dad, that was me.

EXT. MOE'S BAR - DAY

Burns' lot now contains several hydraulic pumps in addition to the slanty derrick. The pumps emit a deafening **MECHANICAL DIN** and spray Moe's with spurts of oil and clouds of gas.

INT. MOE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The **NOISE** is awful, and fumes seep in through the window. **MOE, BARNEY,** and the **BARFLIES** look ill.

BARNEY

This isn't as fun as beer. Sure, I'm
all dizzy and nauseous, but where's the
inflated sense of self-esteem?

BARFLY #1

(**HORRIBLE MOAN, COLLAPSES, BODY FALL**)

MOE

Hey! If you're getting loaded off them
fumes, I'm gonna have to charge ya.

Suddenly, the doors BURST open, and a TEAM OF HEALTH
INSPECTORS wearing respirators enters.

MALE INSPECTOR

(SHOCKED) Man alive! There are men
alive in here!

Another inspector holds up a device that is BEEPING
steadily.

FEMALE INSPECTOR

I'm detecting over twenty different
toxins in the air.

BARNEY

(BELCH)

The device begins BEEPING wildly.

MALE INSPECTOR

All right, everybody out! As long as
Burns is pumping oil, this bar is
closed.

MOE

(STEELY-EYED RAGE) Lemme just get one
thing.

Moe reaches beneath the bar, takes out a shotgun, and racks
it. He marches toward the door.

BARNEY

Me too.

Barney reaches under his barstool and pulls out a
derringer. He aims it at the health inspectors.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Up against the wall!

MOE

Well, Barn. The guns? They're for Mr.
Burns.

BARNEY

I said, up against the wall.

EXT. BURNS OIL SITE - LATE THAT NIGHT

The PUMPS continue as tanker trucks DRIVE OFF. The CAMERA MOVES underground, and we see a large area of the oil deposit has been emptied, creating a cavern. The roof of the cavern starts to CRUMBLE away. The CAMERA MOVES UP to show it's right below the Retirement Castle.

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grampa is jolted awake as his room begins TREMBLING.

GRAMPA

Earthquake!

He runs and braces himself under a doorframe. After a beat, Grampa and the entire doorframe drop offscreen.

EXT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

The west wing of the building has collapsed into a large sinkhole.

GRAMPA, JASPER, OLD JEWISH MAN, ETC

(SIMULTANEOUS) Nurse!

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Smithers stands alone on the balcony, surveying Springfield: the school, with a large hole where the derrick used to be; a boarded-up Moe's; and the partially-collapsed retirement home with tents set up outside. He enters Burns' office.

SMITHERS

(SLIGHTLY BITTER) Well, Sir, you've certainly vanquished all your enemies: the elementary school, the local tavern, the old age home. You must be very proud.

Burns stands next to a big bail of money, trying to stuff a huge wad into his wallet. He finally gives up with a disgusted **GRUNT**, and discards the cash.

BURNS

(DRAMATIC) No, not while my greatest nemesis still provides our customers with free light, heat, and energy. I call this enemy... the sun!

Burns walks across the office to stand amidst a huge scale model of Springfield. He pushes a button, and a skylight **OPENS**. A shaft of sunlight shines down on the model, simulating day.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Since the beginning of time man has yearned to destroy the sun. I will do the next best thing -- block it out.

He pushes another button, and the top of Mt. Springfield **OPENS** up. A gigantic, paddle-like object rises from within. The paddle moves along in synchronization with the sunbeam, keeping the city in perpetual shadow.

SMITHERS

Good God!

BURNS

Imagine it, Smithers. Electrical
lights and heaters running all day
long.

SMITHERS

But Sir, every plant and tree will die;
uh, owls will deafen us with incessant
hooting; and... the town sundial will
be useless.

He gestures to the sundial in the model, which sits right
in front of the model Town Hall.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(CLEARS THROAT) I don't want any part
of this project. It's
unconscionably... fiendish.

BURNS

(ENRAGED GASP) I will not suffer your
insubordination! There has been a
shocking decline in the quality and
quantity of your toadying, Waylon, and
you will fall into line. Now.

SMITHERS

(THE MOST DIFFICULT THING HE'S EVER
SAID) No... No, Monty, I won't. Not
until you step back from the brink of
insanity.

BURNS

I'll do no such thing! You're fired!

Smithers **STORMS** out. Burns turns to the model.

UPWARDS ANGLE

Burns looms over the city. Then he starts **TROMPING** all over Springfield, **CRUSHING** the buildings.

BURNS

(DIABOLICAL LAUGHTER) Take that, bowl-

a-rama! Take that, convenience mart!

Take that, nuclear power pla--

(REALIZES) Oh, fiddlesticks.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SCENE 7

CLOSE-UP - NEWSPAPER

The headline reads: "BURNS PLANS SUNSHINE HALT." Below, a graphic says: "Special Section: Your Guide to Perpetual Darkness!"

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Homer sits concealed behind the paper while Marge gets breakfast. Lisa and Bart enter with grim expressions.

MARGE

I must say Mr. Burns is being awfully
inconsiderate. Selfish, even.

BART

Burns needs some serious boosta-fazoo.

Right, Dad? (NO RESPONSE) Dad? Homer?

Bart RIPS away the newspaper, revealing that it's not Homer but Grampa.

BART, LISA & GRAMPA

(SCREAM)

LISA

Sorry, Grampa. It's just that, for a
second, it looked like Dad had melted.

GRAMPA

So what? (BEAT) Well, get used to it,
cause I'm livin' here now. I ain't
goin' back to the retirement home
until they fish my bed outta that
sinkhole.

Marge sets down two dishes.

MARGE

Strained carrots for Maggie...

Strained carrots for Grampa.

GRAMPA

(JEALOUSLY EYEING MAGGIE) I wanta bib,
too.

INT. SIMPSON CAR - EARLY EVENING

Homer drives along, looking slightly insane. A thought bubble with Mr. Burns in it appears next to Homer's head.

IMAGINARY BURNS

Smithers, who is that ignoramus?

A second bubble appears, also with Burns. Then a few more appear in quick succession, filling the front and back seats.

IMAGINARY BURNS #2

Smithers, who is that lollygagger?

IMAGINARY BURNS #3

Who is that blubberpot?

TEN IMAGINARY BURNSES

Who is that bafflewit? / ...lummoX? /

Puddinghead? / Mooncalf? /

Limpnoodle? / Goldbricker?

Drizzlepuss? / Cueball? /

Fumblefist? / Galoot?

HOMER

(SHAKING HEAD VIOLENTLY) Stop it, stop
it, stop it!

TEN IMAGINARY BURNSES

(ALARMED) Look out!

HOMER

What?

The car **CRASHES**. Homer gets out to see he's smashed into the wall of the power plant. He calmly **OPENS** the trunk, takes out a bulging duffel bag, and strides into the building. Various **PROTESTORS** picket outside, carrying signs that read "SPRINGFIELD NEEDS SUN!," "DOWN WITH DIABOLICAL SCHEMES," and "WHO WILL TAN OUR CHILDREN?"

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OUTER OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

The ornate doors marked "C. Montgomery Burns - PRIVATE" are slightly ajar.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It is pitch black. Homer's eyes dart around as he does something we can't see.

HOMER

(DELIGHTED INSANE GIGGLE)

Suddenly, the lights switch on. Burns stands in the doorway, livid.

REVERSE ANGLE

Homer stands in front of the far wall, dwarfed by the huge, spray-painted, day-glo words "I AM HOMER SIMPSON." (The duffel bag and dozens of empty spray cans lie on the floor.)

BURNS (O.S)

Who the devil are you?!

HOMER'S P.O.V.

We hear weird, psychotic **MUSIC** as Mr. Burns and the entire room rotate to a demented camera angle. Homer charges at Burns and begins **SHAKING** him violently.

HOMER (SIMULT. W/ BURNS)

Homer Simpson! Homer Simpson! Shut
up! Homer Simpson! My name is Homer
Simpson!

BURNS (SIMULT. W/ HOMER)

(BEING SHAKEN) What? What are you talking about? Clearly make sense, man. I can't understand a word you're saying. You're just babbling incoherently like some sort of...

Burns hits the alarm button. Two burly GUARDS rush in and drag Homer away.

GUARDS

All right, let's go. C'mon.

HOMER

Oh, you're dead! You're dead!

BURNS

Funny. Everyone's saying I'm a dead man lately. (BEAT) Maybe I'd look more lively if I mussed my hair a bit.

He messes up his hair and admires himself in the mirror. He looks ridiculous.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Almost windblown. Excellent.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Grampa unpacks his suitcase. Bart walks by, followed by Santa's Little Helper, who still has the cart and cone.

GRAMPA

(RE: DOG) Hey, the lamp is runnin' away.

BART

(EMBARRASSED) That's my dog, man.

GRAMPA

So long, lamp. (TO BART) Now stop
loafing, and help your grampa unpack.

Bart looks in the suitcase and pulls out a cigar box. He
opens it to reveal a gleaming revolver.

BART

Wow!

GRAMPA

That's my old Smith & Wesson. If
you're gonna play with it, be careful,
cause it's loaded.

Bart takes out the gun. Just then, Marge enters.

MARGE

(SCREAM) Bart! Put that down!
Guns are very dangerous, and I won't
have them in this house.

GRAMPA

How can ya have a house without a gun?
What if a bear came through the door?

Marge picks up the gun and puts it back in the box.

MARGE

(SOTTO) I'm going to bury it in the
backyard where little hands can't get
to it. (EXITS)

GRAMPA

(FRUSTRATED, TO BART) Echt! Ya shoulda
fired into the air! She woulda run
off!

SCENE 8

ESTABLISHING SHOT - TOWN HALL - THE NEXT AFTERNOON

INT. TOWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

A town meeting is beginning.

MAYOR QUIMBY

People! People! I will not allow Mr. Burns to block out our sun. It's time for decisive action! I have here a polite but firm letter to Mr. Burns' underlings who, with some cajoling, will pass it along to him, or at least give him the gist of it.

While Quimby is speaking, we CLOSE-UP on a pair of hands lovingly fondling a gun. We see a second pair of hands doing the same. Then, a third. An AIDE WHISPERS to Quimby.

MAYOR QUIMBY (CONT'D)

Also, it has been brought to my attention that a number of you are stroking guns. (BEAT) Therefore, I will step aside and open up the floor.

Smithers stands up. He is unshaven and disheveled and possibly drunk.

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns was the closest thing I ever had to a friend. (BITTER) But he fired me, and now I spend my days drinking cheap scotch and watching Comedy Central.

DR. HIBBERT

(APPALLED) Oh! Dear God!

Ned Flanders runs up and puts a blanket around Smithers.

SMITHERS

Aw. It's not that bad. I mean, I
never miss "Pardon My Zinger."

WILLIE

Burns cost me my groundskeepin' job at
the school! And I'm too superstitious
to take the one at the cemetery.

GRAMPA

A-causa him, I lost my room, my things,
and my friend's collection of old
sunbathing magazines!

OLD JEWISH MAN

(SHOCKED) You bastid!

Furious PEOPLE start standing up in very quick succession.

MOE

I lost my bar!

BARNEY

I lost his bar!

LISA

He robbed the school of music!

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

He robbed the school of financial
security!

TITO PUENTE

He robbed the school of Tito!

HOMER

He can't remember my name!

MARGE

He's causing us all to yell!

MAGGIE

(TWO IRATE SUCKS)

BART

Look what he did to my best friend!

Everyone turns to look at Milhouse, who is eating a bag of cheez doodles and has orange powder all over his face. He looks up to see the crowd staring at him.

MILHOUSE

(MOUTH FULL) Whug?

BART

No, my dog!

There is a hushed, mortified silence as Santa's Little Helper (still in cone) wheels himself **SQUEAKILY** down the aisle. The silence is broken by...

BURNS (O.S.)

(EVIL SNICKER)

The crowd turns to see Burns standing in the entranceway.

BURNS

Those wheels are squeaking a bit.

Perhaps I could sell him a little oil.

SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER

(SNARLS THREATENINGLY AT MR. BURNS)

BART

You twisted old monster!!

Bart rushes at Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Nuh-uh-uh.

Burns opens his jacket to reveal a pistol in a shoulder holster. Bart stops abruptly.

BURNS (CONT'D)

I've decided to protect myself... Ever since I was attacked in my office by an unidentified assailant.

HOMER (O.S.)

(QUIET ANNOYED GRUNT)

OLD SEA CAPTAIN

Arr! Burns, yer scurvy schemes will earn ye a one-way passage to the boneyard!

FLANDERS

Uh, I'd like to hear from Sideshow Mel.

SIDESHOW MEL

I'll see to it that Mr. Burns suffers the infernal machinations of Hell's grim tyrant!

OTTO

Yeah!

BURNS

Oh, you all talk big, but who here is going to stop me?

The crowd stares icily at Burns, **MUTTERING** darkly. Burns turns to exit.

BURNS

(**KNOWING**) Mmm hmm. Very well. One last question: (**TAUNTING**) Have you ever seen the sun set at 3:00 PM?

OLD SEA CAPTAIN

Aye! Once when I was sailing 'round the Arctic Cir...

BURNS

Shut up, you! Take one last look at the sun, Springfield.

Burns pulls out a remote control and hits the button. Through the door we see the paddle rise up, blocking out the sun. Each window of the town hall sequentially goes dark as it falls into shadow. The CROWD **MUMBLES** and **MURMURS** ominously. Burns **LAUGHS** evilly and swaggers down the walkway. A second later, a sports car screeches up. KRUSTY gets out and bounds up the steps, carrying a suitcase.

KRUSTY

Hey, hey! (**CHUCKLES**) I've been in Reno for six weeks. Did I miss anything? (**OFF THEIR MURDEROUS LOOKS:**) What the.. (**KRUSTY GROAN**)

EXT. TOWN HALL STEPS - A FEW MINUTES LATER SCENE 9

The fuming **CITIZENS** stream out of the hall and look up at the darkened sky in awe.

LUNCHLADY DORIS

Eternal darkness. Well, that's just great.

APU

Listen, someone's got to get that Mr. Burns. Uh, where's a gun-toting low-life when you need one?

JAILBIRD

What can I do ya for, amigo?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Burns walks alongside the town hall, gloating as the streetlights go on.

BURNS

Ha! A splendid afternoon bathed in the eerie glow of wasted energy! Dear old Jimmy Carter would be appalled.

JIMMY CARTER

Darn tootin'. I'd kick your ass if my joints weren't so stiff.

Ominous **MUSIC** builds as we begin a series of dramatic **CUTAWAYS**.

CUTAWAY TO: INT. TOWN HALL

Carl picks an abandoned jacket off a bench.

CARL

That's odd. Mr. Smithers left his jacket behind.

CUTAWAY TO: OUTSIDE

Burns strolls along, **WHISTLING** happily.

CUTAWAY TO: INT. TOWN HALL

OTTO

Whoa. That's odd. Principal Skinner
left his mother behind.

We see Skinner's Mom sitting primly in the middle of the empty town hall.

CUTAWAY TO: BACK OUTSIDE

Burns continues on.

CUTAWAY TO: TOWN HALL PARKING LOT

Marge loads Santa's Little Helper and Maggie into the car. Then, she notices the rest of the family hasn't followed her.

MARGE

That's odd. Where's Homer? And Bart?
And Lisa? And Grampa?

CUTAWAY TO: OUTSIDE

The MUSIC builds as Burns continues his walk.

CUTAWAY TO: SIMPSON BACKYARD

Grampa's cigar box has been dug up and lies empty beside the hole.

CUTAWAY TO:

BURNS

After all these years, things are
finally starting to go my way. I feel
like celebrating. I...

Burns rounds a corner. We cannot see where he's gone or who he's talking to. While Burns speaks, ominous MUSIC builds to a crescendo.

BURNS (O.S.)

Oh, it's you. What are you so happy about? (GASP) I see. Well, I think you'd better drop it. (THREATENING) I said drop it! (VIOLENT STRUGGLING SOUNDS)

INT. FRONT OF TOWN HALL

Marge is looking for the family.

MARGE

Where is everybody?

Suddenly, a GUNSHOT RINGS out from behind the building.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(GASP)

Mr. Burns staggers around the side of the town hall, holding his hand to a wound in his chest.

JIMBO

Hey, man, are you okay?

BURNS

(WHEEZING) Won't... dignify that...

with response.

Burns lurches southward towards the town sundial, finally collapsing onto it.

OVERHEAD SHOT

Burns falls across the face of the sundial. His arms fall in the 9:30 position, reaching towards the compass points "S" and "W." A crowd gathers around.

PATTY

Mr. Burns has been shot!

WIGGUM

(NOTICES SOMETHING) Just a minute!

This isn't Mr. Burns at all! It's a
mask!

He tries to pull the mask off.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Oh, wait. It is Burns. (NERVOUS
CHUCKLE) His wrinkly skin looks...
looks like a mask.

MARGE

I don't think we'll ever know who did
this. Everyone in town's a suspect.

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Well, I couldn't possibly
solve this mystery. (TO CAMERA) Can
you?

WIDEN to reveal that Dr. Hibbert is directly addressing
Chief Wiggum, who's in the foreground.

WIGGUM

Yeah, I'll give it a shot. I mean,
it's my job, right?

FADE OUT:

END OF PART ONE